



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

The seven Ritualists



👁 4 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Kyle Ariel Kushmar

Laying over the top, Laura was looking down at the seven cloaked figures that raced around the campfire. All the way across the other side of the creek, she heard them chanting words she could not make sense of, saw them raising and throwing their hands around, in such a dance and gesture she did not recognize. Their cloaks were some sort of a dark blue with silver stripes over the bottom half and an emblem in the centre of their back; an upside down dove, the shadows from their hoods covering all but the area of their mouth, despite the light from the fire illuminating against them. She began sensing a feeling of regret; she had left her friend cliff behind in the camp because curiosity got the best of her, when she decided to follow Mrs. Jewels, one of the camp coordinators, out here, who is now one of the seven figures Laura was spying on.

Laura decided to get closer, and crawled against the hard cracked floor on the roof of the abandoned cabin, and the closer she got, the more the muffled chanting has began to shape into familiarty. "The sacrifice must be made" she heard, all seven figures spoke at once as if they were one "midnight shall not come without blood, and blood is forbidden until the dark one is chosen", pulling the palm of her hand to drag herself closer, she hadn't realized the broken branches all around her that must've fell from the tall tree hanging over the broken roof of the cabin, the little sound of the branch cracking seemed to have been enough to catch one of the seven figures attention.

Vote on chapter 2 of 8 (2 drafts)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

even though there was a certain living aspect to this man. He was most definitely dead, stone cold dead. Even if his eyes flickered in the light of the fire he was dead, or was he. he seemed dead but as far as we know he could be simply sleeping or unconscious but how could he in the middle of no where in the dead of night he couldn't be living but lets look closer even though there was a certain living aspect to this man. He was most definitely dead, stone cold dead. Even if his eyes flickered in the light of the fire he was dead, or was he. he seemed dead but as far as we know he could be simply sleeping or unconscious but how could he in the middle of no where in the dead of night he couldn't be living but lets get a closer look

[✓ Vote](#)[◀ Previous draft](#)[Next draft ▶](#)[About](#)[Rooms](#)[Feedback](#)

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)